

VISIT MRS. BAUGH
Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baugh and little daughter, Nancy Lee of Berkeley, were over Sunday guests of his mother, Mrs. Hattie Baugh. They, with the latter's brother, John Church and Elwood Baugh of San Jose enjoyed a family picnic dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Merlin Bolpitt in the attractive gardens of their home on Rincon avenue.

I can see what kind of his pen
a point it has

CALIFORNIA

News of the Week

Fete New Road

Oroville.—A celebration of the completion of the \$7,500,000 Feather River highway will be held here August 4, city officials announced.

Valuations Gain

Los Angeles.—An increase of \$84,515,425 is revealed in Los Angeles County property valuations this year over 1936, Ed W. Hopkins, assessor, disclosed.

Roosevelt Signs Yosemite Bill

Washington.—President Roosevelt has signed a bill authorizing the interior secretary to acquire for addition to Yosemite National Park approximately 7,500 acres of land adjacent to the western boundary of the park, described as virgin sugar pine lands.

Judge Favors Whipping Post

Salinas.—Superior Judge P. J. McLaughlin said he regretted Salinas has no whipping post and then sentenced Robert Mosely, 23-year-old truck driver, to six months in jail for beating a four-year-old child with a strap. Mosely said he beat the child, Danny Dennis, a boarder at the Mosely home, because he stole some plums from a neighbor's tree.

Steel Foundry Burns

Angels Camp.—The plant of the California Electric Steel Company at Altaville, one mile from here, was destroyed by fire of undetermined origin. The loss is estimated at \$180,000. Considerable new equipment and valuable patterns were destroyed. Efforts to combat the flames were hindered through lack of water, due to a break in the water system.

Sugar Beet Factory Planned

Visalia.—The Spreckels Sugar Company of San Francisco is considering erection of a sugar beet factory here, according to reports. J. E. Coke, general agriculturist for Spreckels, has just completed a survey of the sugar-beet outlook in Tulare County. Coke, while favorably impressed, is expected to recommend planting of more test plots by the company before taking final action.

Fire Damages Historic Hall

Georgetown (El Dorado Co.).—The historic Masonic Hall of the Georgetown Lodge No. 25, Free and Accepted Masons, was damaged by a fire of undetermined origin. The hall is one of the oldest in the State, built in 1852. The blaze started in a cupboard in the lower hall where old records were stored. Few of these, many dating back to early 50's, were saved. The building is covered by insurance.

State Deficit at \$13,400,000

Sacramento.—The State closed the last biennium June 30 with a deficit of \$13,400,000, State Finance Director Stockburger reported to Governor Merriam. The figure is a preliminary estimate, and may be reduced after the final accounts against the State have been audited. The deficit is greatly under the estimates that had previously been made. The State in June, 1935, had a deficit in excess of \$19,000,000.

Tulare Health Drive Launched

Visalia.—The State Department of Public Health and the Tulare County Health Service are conducting a campaign in labor camps in the county to improve health conditions and check contagious disease. More than 2,000 persons recently were given typhoid serum under direction of Dr. E. D. Sox, health officer, assisted by Miss Abbie Watson, Tulare County school nurse.

Joshua Tree Act Is Hit

San Bernardino.—The prospect of early amendment of the Joshua Tree National Monument Act to lift the ban against mineral location on 800,000 acres lying in northern Riverside and southern San Bernardino Counties is indicated by reports from Washington to the effect that Harry R. Sheppard, congressman from Yucaipa, has introduced a bill to amend the act, and that it now is being considered by the Public Lands Committee.

Freak Storm Hits Plumas County

Belden (Plumas Co.).—Hailstones as large as eggs fell for almost an hour in a freak storm in the Feather River Canyon district last week. One of the largest stones measured one and one-half inches in length and was one inch and a quarter across, egg shaped in size, and one inch thick.

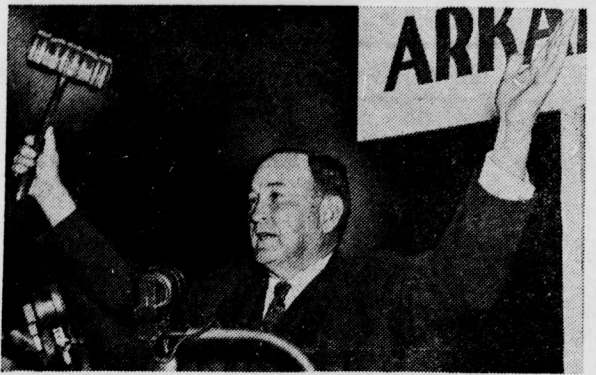
Mooney Cruelty Charges Denied

San Quentin Prison.—The State Prison Board officially denied charges that Thomas J. Mooney had been subjected to "cruel punishment" or that he had not been given proper treatment for stomach ulcers while in prison. Mark Noon, board secretary, said the officials had conferred with Dr. L. L. Stanley, resident prison physician, and Mooney and that the latter said he was "perfectly satisfied" with the way he is being treated.

News Review of Current Events

SEN. 'JOE' ROBINSON DEAD

Court Plan May Have Died With Him . . Japan, China Face Another Crisis . . Treasury Backs 'First Lady'



Joe Robinson Rallies the Democratic National Convention.

Edward W. Pickard
SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK
© Western Newspaper Union.

Falls 'Face to Battle'

WHEN Sen. Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas dropped dead of a heart attack in his apartment across from the United States capitol, the President's plan for securing new appointments to the Supreme court bench, even in its amended form, died with him.



Senator Harrison

That is the belief of close observers in Washington. For "Joe" Robinson was the President's tower of strength in the legislative branch of the government. He had served the Democratic party well in the senate since 1913, and as the majority leader in the upper house since 1932.

Joe Robinson's job it was to keep a smooth balance between the conservative democrats, largely of the South, and the more radical members of the party from the North and West, so that the objectives of the New Deal could be turned out of the legislative mill.

Robinson never fought harder than he did in his last battle. As he worked hard and long in an attempt to get the "compromise" court plan passed, often raising his voice and exerting himself mightily in senate arguments, it was apparent to his colleagues that he was not well. Sen. Royal S. Copeland, the only physician in the senate, had several times asked him to calm himself lest he hasten his own death.

While the senate was adjourned for Robinson's funeral, administration leaders sought to rally support so the court bill could be passed, even without the late senator's leadership. But the opposition forces were equally determined to take advantage of the psychological aspect of the senate following Robinson's death—the desire to effect a peace, finish the session's business in a hurry and get away from the capital.

The forces opposed to the bill believed that when the issue came up again they would be successful in recommitting the substitute bill to the judiciary committee, an effective way of killing it. The indication of opposition greater than had been expected in the house of representatives was another factor pointing to the eventual fall of the bill.

Another battle was not long in getting under way: to decide who the new majority leader of the senate should be. Conservative Democrats were anxious to wrest a measure of control from the White House by backing Sen. Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who has been faithful to the President, but is fundamentally conservative. The more radical senators backed Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, Democratic national convention keynoter, who had been Robinson's assistant as floor leader. Another prospect was Sen. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, but it was believed his strength would eventually be transferred to Harrison.

Another thing that had Washington guessing as a result of Robinson's death was the vacancy on the Supreme court left by the retirement of Justice Willis Van Devanter. Robinson, it was generally believed, was to have received the appointment.

Struggle in the Senate

TWELVE Democratic senators and one Farmer-Laborite were believed to hold the fate of the administration's substitute for the original bill which would increase the number of Supreme court justices to 15. Administration was certain that the bill would receive at least 38 votes, with 48 necessary to a majority since Senator Robinson's death. Forty-three senators were definitely committed against it. Thirteen were still uncommitted as the battle raged on the senate floor and in the cloakrooms.

The twelve uncommitted Democrats were: Andrews (Fla.), Bone

(Wash.), Brown (N. H.), Caraway (Ark.), Duffy (Wis.), Johnson (Colo.), Lewis (Ill.), Murray (Mont.), Overton (La.), Pepper (Fla.), Russell, Jr. (Ga.) and Wagner (N. Y.). Lundeen (Minn.) was the Farmer-Laborite.

The substitute for the original Ashurst bill provides for appointment of one new justice each year to every justice remaining on the court after reaching the age of seventy-five years.

New Sino-Japanese Conflict?

WAR between China and Japan was believed almost inevitable as hopes of settling a new outbreak of hostilities by diplomatic means faded out.



Emperor Hirohito

The fighting ensued as Japanese gendarmes attempted to take over the policing of Yuanning and Lukowkiao, two villages in the Peiping area, near Marco Polo bridge. This, the Japanese said, was provided for in the North China treaty.

According to the assertions of the Japanese war office, Chinese soldiers fired upon the gendarmes and opened up with trench mortars against the Japanese contingent at the Yuanping station. This action allegedly compelled the Japanese to make a night assault, costing 20 lives, in order to occupy the towns of Lungwangmiao and Tungshingwan. It was said the Chinese troops had also advanced into these points.

Officials of the Hebei-Chahar council claimed the Japanese moves were in open violation of the truce. They further accused the Japanese of conducting night army maneuvers, using real bullets instead of the blanks ordinarily employed in maneuvers. As Emperor Hirohito and Premier Fumimaro Konoe conferred with military leaders and the cabinet, the Japanese people frantically prepared for the war that loomed.

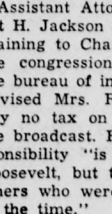
China's Nanking government gave orders to Gen. Sung Cheh-yuan, commander of the North China forces, that his army was not to retreat for any reason, but was to be prepared to make the "supreme sacrifice" to hold its position until Gen. Chiang Kai-shek should arrive over the Peiping-Hankow railroad with 50,000 fresh troops.

As the fighting continued in the Peiping area, with no hope of an effective compromise on the two nations' demands, war seemed the probable result.

Although an agreement was reported to have been made between local Chinese and Japanese authorities at Tientsin, settling the dispute to the satisfaction of both, the national government at Nanking has continued to insist that no agreement reached locally would be observed.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Taxes

WHEN Representative Hamilton Fish (Rep., N. Y.) sought to demonstrate the unfairness of the tax invasion investigation committee, he demanded that the committee investigate the income of the wife of the President from radio broadcasts, charging that she was not paying a cent of income taxes upon those earnings. She had turned over \$39,000 to the American Friends Service committee, a Philadelphia charity, kept \$1 per broadcast for herself and paid nothing whatever from her radio earnings to the government.



Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson replied for her, explaining to Chairman Doughton of the congressional committee that the bureau of internal revenue had advised Mrs. Roosevelt she need pay no tax on the receipts from the broadcast. He declared the responsibility "is not that of Mrs. Roosevelt, but that of myself and others who were treasury officials at the time."

Loyalists Widen Front

THE Spanish loyalists' drive to push back the rebel forces to a safe distance from Madrid continued, with the government forces widening the front by expanding both flanks several miles. The main line of advance was in a southerly direction, slow but steady. It had progressed as far as a point halfway between Brunete and Navalcarnero. Loyalist forces were attempting to acquire control of the Quenales river banks, there to dig in and protect the right flank while the main drive continues south.

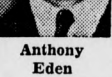
Rebel military strategists were not particularly distressed over the government advance, for they believe that if they can draw the major part of the Madrid garrison out into the open country and destroy it the advance will benefit them more than it will the loyalists. Artillery of both sides worked overtime as the rebel reinforcements came in to make the struggle more equal.

The government was reported to be using dozens of Russian tanks. They are heavier and clumsier than the rebel tanks, but they carry field pieces of great accuracy and potency. Still, a new kind of anti-tank gun developed by the rebels stopped a number of them.

Government planes were reported doing serious damage to rebel forces on the Basque front to the north. In the east Gen. Sebastian Pozas, commander of the government forces in the Saragossa-Teruel sector, claimed that Albarracin "not only has been completely surrounded, but also government troops now are fighting in the streets of the town."

Mr. Eden Has a Plan

PLANS to maintain the non-intervention patrol of Spain in a fashion that will satisfy all the nations concerned and insure against the spread of the conflict beyond the Spanish borders have been blown about like papers in a storm. And when you get right down to it, that is about all they have amounted to.



Anthony Eden

Now Anthony Eden, Britain's foreign secretary, has come up with a new one, as deft and perhaps as futile as any which have gone before it. It provides for the full re-establishment of land and sea control of movements of men and arms into Spain. French and British warships would patrol the coastline with German and Italian observers aboard (the Fascist nations, indignant over the Leipzig incident, have withdrawn from the patrol). This arrangement would operate only until a permanent scheme could be worked out, placing observers for the non-intervention committee in all non-Spanish seaports and airports from which men and supplies might leave for Spain, and in all Spanish ports to see that none landed there. After that, the sea patrol would be abolished.

Upper Silesia Still Puzzle

BEFORE a new accord could be reached, the 15-year-old Geneva convention designed to reconcile the interests of both Poland and Germany in Upper Silesia, expired. Upper Silesia was once part of both Germany and Austria, but after the World war it was split between Germany and Poland. The people of the two sections have since that time mingled freely with one another, carrying on a live commerce unhindered over the boundary lines set by the League of Nations.

The diplomatic difficulties occurred when no solution was forthcoming for the problem of what to do with the Poles who wanted to remain in the German section and the Germans who wanted to remain in the Polish section.

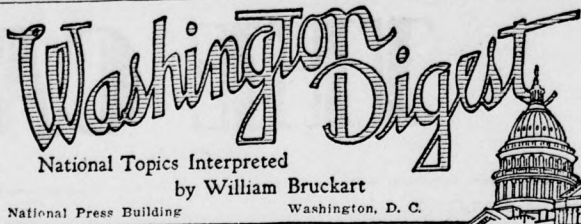
6,625 Miles in One Hop!

WITH the world still thrilling to the recent flight of three Russian aviators from Moscow to the United States via the North Pole, three more Russians did it again, completing the longest non-stop flight in history.

After flying 6,625 miles from the Russian capital, Pilot Michael Gromov, Co-Pilot Andrei Yumoshov and Navigator Sergei Danilin, made a forced landing in a cow pasture near San Jacinto, Cal. A leaking gasoline line had exhausted their fuel supply as they battled heavy fogs which hung over the west coast region. Their flying time was estimated at 62 hours and 17 minutes.

Obituary in Blue

GEORGE GERSHWIN, composer who lifted jazz music up to the level of the classics, died suddenly in Hollywood after an operation for brain tumor. He was thirty-eight. His "Rhapsody in Blue" was famous among the world's music lovers, his opera, "Porgy and Bess" one of the most individually American of all musical works. His "Swanee" sold more than 2,000,000 copies, his musical comedy score, "Of Thee I Sing," was a Pulitzer prize winner, and some of his compositions, such as "Strike Up the Band," "Soon," and "Somebody Loves Me" were sung and danced to by millions. Many prominent critics called him the most original force in American music.



Washington.—This article shall be devoted not to politics nor to affairs of the government of the nation exclusively but to the future—

Future Leaders the future leaders. It shall be, to that extent, a discussion of fundamentals about which I think there can be no controversy.

First, let us take a quick survey. In the Capitol building of our own nation there is raging a bitter debate between two schools of political thought. The question is whether there shall be a law passed that will give to the President of the United States the power to appoint additional justices to the bench of the Supreme court when and if present sitting members reach the age of seventy-five and refuse to retire from active work.

In Spain, a bitter political warfare moves on apace. It is over the question whether Communism of the Russian sort or Fascism of the Italian brand should be the dominant influence in the government of that nation.

In the Far East, along the Russian border, troops of the Japanese emperor and of the Russian dictator, Stalin, glared at each other. Their controversy also involves political bases. That controversy also is complicated by economic conditions. It is a powder keg.

Back in Europe, we find a dictator, Hitler by name, persecuting citizens of Germany almost without end. A political question there is involved and it is complicated deeply by religion and race. Hitler and his minions seek to destroy, first, the Catholic church and, second, the Jews.

Somewhat set off by the great Alps, although woven intricately into the whole picture, is another distorted and disturbing condition. In Italy, Mussolini, having most of his people under his steel boot, is now preparing for new crusades. He has ordered all steel producing units in Italy to increase their production to the maximum so that war material will be available. Mussolini wants more territory; he wants to expand the influence of Fascism and he wants to build a gigantic world power in a military way with Rome as the center and with him as the head.

Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greensward that borders the Potomac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such stately structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. And, to add to this beauty is the vista across the river where stands in grandeur the beautiful home that was the residence of Robert E. Lee—maintaining throughout the years the respect that a nation has for a great military leader. It reposes, or seems to repose, in peace and quiet as do the thousands of men who rest in the hillsides of Arlington National cemetery.

In this peaceful setting for ten days, more than twenty-six thousand boys—the leaders of the future—were congregated in a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. Tents were everywhere. Uncounted boys in the khaki shorts, which is their uniform, flitted about the city or held various maneuvers or staged dramas of the ages in a great arena. Among them was a sprinkling, and the number was not more than a sprinkling compared to the boys, of the scoutmasters and mature men who constitute the leadership of this great army of youth. But let me hasten to say that it is an army of peace, not an army of strife.

I hope I may be forgiven for interjecting here an expression of my personal feelings. It has been my lot to work hard from the time I put off swaddling clothes. The work I have done and the experiences I have met had a tendency to make me callous, somewhat cynical. But I must confess that on a half dozen occasions as I wandered through this tented city, I gave thought to my own boyhood and to two boys for whom I am responsible. I felt a swelling of pride, a satisfaction of heart, that I live in a nation which has given me the right to liberty and progress.

Moreover, there came to me the thoughts of the future of my own two boys and the millions of others just like them—future leaders of a nation that holds forth such possibilities as are best evidenced by the encampment of those twenty-six thousand then within the range of my vision.

Then, no tribute to these future leaders of our nation and to the nation which bred them can or will be complete without mention of Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive. Dr. West was an orphan boy. Worse, he was a cripple. And to add to these handicaps, there

Tribute to West

was a period in his early life when the keenest medical minds said he could not live and if he did live would be a hopeless invalid.

But Dr. West was made out of the same mold from which came the founders of our nation and from whom, as founders, the traditions and the methods known now as the American way have grown.

It was Dr. West who devoted, indeed, dedicated his life to the organization and development of the Boy Scouts of America. It is now an organization of more than two million boys and there are some six million who can be called alumni because they have grown too old to remain in the ranks of active Boy Scouts.

I mentioned earlier that this was an army of peace, an army devoted to the maintenance of American traditions. No better proof of this need be given, if any were needed, than the notorious fact that representatives from the three totalitarian states—Italy, Germany and Russia—are missing from the encampment. In two of those states the Boy Scout movement has been superseded by a dictator's decree which forces regimentation and militarizing of the youth. They are being trained for war. Happily most countries still pin their faith to the virtues summarized in the Scout law—the boys promise not to die but to live, not to cringe but to blossom, by holding themselves ever trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, clean, and last but not least to maintain a reverence for God.

So, I think I can be pardoned for the feeling I have that in this encampment lie the seeds of a continued free America, waiting the time to take root and bloom into manhood. It is from these and from these alone that we can hope to maintain in our beloved nation a political system which warrants neither Communism nor Fascism; which desires liberty and peace and which challenges the cockeyed theories that government must care for the people rather than the people care for their government.

It seemed to me, therefore, to be something of a sour note that the National Youth administration which set up a hideous looking, box-like structure near the center of the capital city from which literature could be distributed to the Boy Scouts. This structure looked for all the world like a soft drink stand at a cheap carnival and I, personally, resented the action of National Youth administration officials who ordered its construction. I felt this way because the National Youth administration is predicated upon the very theory that I have just condemned—a theory that government must serve as a father for everybody and that it must lay down rules to which all must subscribe. It is the nearest thing to the regimentation that is going on in nations under dictators that exists in our government today.

Cabled dispatches from Russia indicate again that the dictator, Stalin, is determined to rid the Soviet of anyone and everyone who may be opposed to him. The official announcements of the so-called Soviet government tell of the "liquidation" of numerous individuals who have objected to Stalin's tactics or who are seeking to revise the Soviet system. "Liquidation" in Russia means that those individuals were executed by a firing squad. A dead man can cause no harm to the aspirations of a dictator.

The Stalin administration arranges for the "liquidation" of its opponents by coercion of confessions and this is followed up by what the Soviet calls a trial in a court of justice. The courts of justice are owned and controlled by Stalin; they decide as they are told to decide and there is no such thing as an impartial court in Russia because the government owns the courts and names the judges who are to do the government's bidding.

Private advices from abroad seem to show that there is a very serious uprising underneath the surface in Russia. Thousands of Russians have grown tired of having one man determine whether they shall live or die and they yearn again for a system of courts which will determine their guilt or innocence in accordance with honest evidence presented and not in accordance with the way the governing clique wants justice administered.

As the Russian judiciary is constructed under the mailed fist of Stalin, courts are a farce. Without such a court structure, however, a dictator could not perpetuate his own power. He must have control of the courts in order to carry out under the guise of law all of the whims and fancies and hatreds that he possesses. A nation of free people does not long remain free after its courts become subjected to the direction and control of one man. Judges who can administer justice without fear or favor are the first requisite to liberty.

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"That couldn't be done, Serena," Quentin said quietly. "I have never had this case. But I'm positive—I don't believe—I know—Dr. Cudworth isn't seriously suggesting—" "You may do as you think best, Doctor," the other doctor said abruptly. "I would have entire faith in anything you saw fit to do. But I personally must decline the responsibility."

"I have nothing to do with it," Quentin said briefly. Serena turned on him.

"Spencer had acute indigestion, and he's got a bad heart," she said. "But believe me, if there's any investigation, if there's one word of talk, you're in this, too, Quentin Hardisty! I'll not stand it. I'll not face a coroner and be questioned, while you are quietly enjoying yourself over there on the lawn with your wife, laughing and carrying the children into the house!"

"I don't think that'll happen," Quentin said. But Vicky saw that his face was pale. "I wish you'd called me earlier!"

"How do you know what'll happen?" Serena said. "I know. I can tell you! We had a coroner's investigation when Gita's father died. I know what it means! You'll have to sign that death warrant, Quentin, or I'll have to drag your name into it. You and I've talked of what we'd do if he died; you can't deny that, if they put you on oath! Everyone knows what we've been to each other; you had a motive for giving me something that would put him to sleep. He told Dr. Cudworth here that I wanted to get rid of him."

"Vic, do you want to stay?" Quentin asked in an undertone, as the breathless voice died to silence. "This isn't your sort of thing."

"No, Vic won't go," Serena said at white heat. "You don't think Vic doesn't know that you love me, that you've been following me, making me presents, writing me letters."

Quentin looked at Vicky, looked away; he spoke quietly.

"Vicky knows just how badly I've treated her, Serena," he said. "She's always known, from the beginning. I'm not trying to wriggle out of that. If you were really fool enough to give Spencer sleeping powders or anything else, I'm in it with you. There's no question that you can drag my name and my children's names in the mud, if you want to. You can take those letters into court—"

"Letters saying, 'If it weren't for Spencer . . .'" Serena interrupted him.

"Letters saying everything," Quentin said in a low voice, with a level glance at her. "Letters saying everything!" he repeated. "But one thing isn't true," he went on slowly. "I've never loved but one woman in all my life; never, no matter what I said or wrote or did. I've always loved my wife, always, always held her in a place by herself!"

Vicky went over to him and dropped her hand into his, but he did not glance at her or seem to know that she was there.

"How nice!" Serena said. "So I pay the bill alone. How very nice!" "No, you and I'll both pay!" Quentin said. "And she'll pay, too. It means disgrace for us all."

There was a sound at the door of the invalid's room; the amah came out with an agitated face, shaking her head. Serena gave a short ejaculation and, turning, went across the hall to her own room and went into it and closed the door. The two doctors and Vicky faced the Chinese woman as she came toward them. Her jargon was unintelligible to Quentin. The promised nurse, hatted, coated, cold, rosy, came upstairs.

"Amah says Spencer heard your voice and wants to speak to you," Vicky interpreted.

"My God, when I saw her face I thought the poor fellow was gone!" Dr. Cudworth ejaculated.

"So did I!" Vicky said. "Do you mean—" Quentin had clutched her arm; his fingers bit into it like a vise, he was almost shouting. "What d'you mean? Isn't he gone?"

"Oh, no; but Quentin, there's no hope," Vicky said.

"Master say other doctor come now," the amah said in a singsong. "Yes, come in with me, for God's sake, Hardisty, and see what you think!" Cudworth said, as they all went together to Spencer's door. Vicky heard Quentin mutter as if he spoke to himself: "We all stand there talking while the poor fellow dies!"

Then they were in the sickroom; Vicky watching her husband's, rather than the patient's, face, her own face reflecting the fluctuations of feeling she saw there.

"Quentin," the sick man said, clutching at his hand, all personal feeling forgotten in the grips of life and death, "you can do something for me, can't you? For God's sake get me out of this, operate, do anything! That ass there," he whispered, with a flickering glance at that agitated Cudworth, "tells me I'm washed up. There's something you can do?"

Quentin spoke urgently, definitely:

"Vic, get to a telephone and tell Anna to come over right away with that big package that's on my desk; it's from Lengfeld's—she can't miss it. Rush it! And just as soon as you've done that, get the amah to get plenty of hot water, boiling water. I suppose there's a table here, a long table, flat—"

"You think so, Doctor?" faltered the other doctor.

"I know so!" Quentin shouted, suddenly mad with impatience. "Just lie quiet there, Spencer," he added to the patient, "and we'll get you out of this if we can."

"I've got an even break?" Spencer asked.

"Not quite so good. We won't know quite what chance you've got until we've gone a little further. Ah, here's our nurse. We want a surgical bath here, nurse, as fast as you can manage it; we've no time to waste."

Vicky ran downstairs, ran upstairs for sheets; Serena was not in evidence, and nobody asked for her. The nurse suggested a rubber sheet, and Anna panting in with the big bundle, was sent flying back to the Hardistys' for one. Presently there was nothing for Vicky to do except sit on a chair in the hall and wait—and think—and wait.

Quentin came out with a nurse's white apron tied on him back to front and asked for soda, just plain kitchen soda.

"And you might as well go home, Vic; this'll take it out of you."

"No, I'll wait. Quentin has he a chance?"

"I'm afraid not, but we'll try. They're putting him under now; we'll know in an hour."

"She couldn't!" Vicky glanced at the closed door of Serena's room—"She wouldn't have done it!" she whispered.

"I don't know. But it's not for him I'm fighting, Vic," Quentin said. "It's for all of us. It's touch and go now; if he lives, we live, and if he dies, I may have gotten you into something you'll never get out of, my dear."

"You'll be in it, too!" "I'll be in it, too. Oh, she couldn't get me in as an accomplice," Quentin said. "But she could do enough to ruin us all. We'd have to go away, Vic."

"We'd go away."

"And the story would follow us, and follow the children. That's all I've done to you!" Quentin said. "The woman—the amah—has produced a bottle, half full, that would kill ten men. Our one hope is that it was about a ten-times dose, and in lemonade. Lemon is the only anti-acid that touches it! If anything saves him, that'll save him—that is, if we get to the kidney in time."

"You will!" Vicky said, with her faithful eyes on his and her world rocking about her and her lips white.

"You believe in God, don't you?" Quentin asked, almost absentmindedly.

"I do."

"Then—while I'm in there, you pray, Vic." He kissed her without smiling, without seeming even to see her; released her from his arms. "My God, you are a tower of strength to me," he said. "You are a rock of help! Pray for everything we've got, while I'm in there—the kids and the home—everything! I always thought—I always thought," Quentin muttered, turning away, "that I'd like my boys to be proud of their father. My kids."

He went into the sickroom, and Vicky waited. There was a big Spanish chair in the upper hall of the Morrison place, and she sat in it and clasped her hands to keep them still and prayed. A Navajo blanket, richly striped with yellow and black and scarlet, had been hanging over the black iron railing of the stairway; she wrapped it about her; the night was bitterly cold.

CHAPTER XV

Silence and night and vigil. Unseen somewhere a clock struck the hours and the half-hours; outside in the dark a rising wind whined uneasily, and now and then a broker branch skittered on the tiling of the roof. In the upper hallways of the Morrison house one lamp

burned softly, steadily; from the half-open door that led into Spencer's room came sounds: Low voices, the creaking of a bed and the clinking of ice, and once a sort of bubbling groan that made Vicky's heart stop for a moment in terror.

She prayed, trying not to think, drowsed, awakened with a start to find that it was not all a strange dream. She really was here in the Morrison house in the middle of the night, Quentin was behind that bedroom door, bringing all his skill, every ounce of strength and knowledge and inspiration that he could muster to the saving of Spencer Morrison's life, and Serena was in her bedroom only a few feet away somehow living through the hours that would decide whether or not she would be tried on a charge of murder.

What was she doing? Vicky wondered. She had swept away from the group hours earlier, had closed her bedroom door upon whatever she was experiencing, suffering. Furious with fear, the accusing eyes of both doctors upon her, their flat refusals to perjure themselves in protecting her still ringing in her astounded ears, and Spencer struggling in death throes of her causing, she had angrily withdrawn. Had she flung herself down on her bed and fallen into dreamless sleep? Vic wondered.

"But I'm just magnifying the whole thing into an absolute bugaboo!" Victoria told herself. "It won't happen that way! Spencer will die of an operation, Quentin can sign a certificate about that, anyway, and Cudworth won't talk, he's got his own professional reputation to protect, he doesn't want to be mixed into any murder trial! She'll go away, and this time next year we'll be worrying about something else!"

She could reassure herself for a moment; then the solitude and silence of the night began to work



"I've Got an Even Break?" Spencer Asked.

their spell again, and Victoria felt with a sort of desperation that if Quentin didn't come out of that room pretty soon . . .

The amah appeared presently, looking like a little old mahogany carving in a black-and-white cotton coat.

"Fix room for nurse," she whispered, and Vicky was glad to go with her to the spare room, help her in the warming human business of making beds and arranging towels. He wasn't dead yet, anyway! Before they had finished, Quentin and Dr. Cudworth joined them.

Quentin looked exhausted; his hair was tumbled, and his operating gown, one of Miss Pierce's aprons put on backward, was spattered with red. He took off the apron.

"Excuse my appearance, Vic," he said, sitting down panting. "My Lord, but that was quick work!"

"How is he?" Vicky asked. But even before she asked it, the blood had come back to her heart and she had had time to feel an almost frightening first ecstasy of hope.

"He's doing remarkable," Dr. Cudworth said. "And he can thank your good husband here. You are, in my opinion, a genius, Dr. Hardisty."

"Oh, Quentin, there isn't really a chance?"

"Magnificent constitution, and his own feeling will help," Quentin still ghastrly pale and breathing hard, said to the other doctor. And then to Vicky, "Everything is as good as it can be; better, I would say. He opened his eyes and looked at me; it didn't take him five minutes to get his bearings."

Vicky sat down in a winged chair and put her hands over her eyes and began to cry, and Quentin, leaning over to pat her on the back, laughed with tears in his own eyes. "I'm ash-sh-shamed of myself!" she stammered, looking up to smile through wet lashes. "But—but it saves us all! It saves us all, Quentin. I've been sitting out there alone, thinking and thinking."

"Did she come out at all?" the local doctor asked in the pause.

"Mrs. Morrison?" "She's probably packing," Quentin said. "I imagine she'll get out right away. It would be the best thing all round if she did."

"Oh, but Quentin, the relief!" Vicky's eyes shone like stars; it was too good to be true, too good to be true! "If you hadn't come back from the hospital!" she said

with a shudder. "If you'd still been in Germany! Quentin, will there have to be an investigation now, will there be any talk of poison?"

"I don't think so," Quentin said somewhat uncertainly, looking at his colleague. The other doctor repeated the phrase more decidedly.

"I'm extremely glad to wash my hands of the whole thing," Dr. Cudworth said. "He's warned now, and I think we might give the nurse a hint; it seems to me we might—"

"I am going to talk to both nurses; I've had this girl telephone for another," Quentin said, and once again Vicky thought that he was two men; the Quentin who was the children's adored "Dad," easy and quiet and quite willing to take their word for anything, to listen to them, to learn from them, and this other Quentin, who held life and death in his big square hands. "It would be better to get him into a hospital, of course, but we can't move him now. You say Serena hasn't shown up at all?" he asked Victoria, when they were all out in the hall again.

"Not a sound." "Will you wake her up? I'm going to take a look at Spencer. Amah here will let the nurse go down for some coffee. I've got to talk to Serena."

Victoria crossed the upper hall, turned the knob of Serena's door, and spoke from the threshold:

"Serena!"

There was complete darkness within. Serena's apartment was on the western side of the house, and the first dim grayness of dawn that had struck into the kitchen, and that was now timidly attacking the eastern world, had made no entrance here. There was black night beyond Serena's window, and in the room vague, darker shadows. Vicky groped inside the door casing, found a switch, and inundated the place with soft, rosy light.

Everything was orderly enough. Vicky had seen these pink taffeta fittings before, the pink-brocaded walls, the long-legged doll and Mandarin lamps, the black worsted dog with the beady eyes. But there was in the silence here now something indefinably frightening. Her heart beat fast with terror.

Serena, still wearing the pale lavender dressing gown in which Vicky had first seen her last night, was lying flat across the unopened bed. The delicate pink taffeta covers still were spread in their daytime position, and flowed over the dais in thick rich flouncing and folds. At the top of the low wide bed, a half-circle of finely pleated silk rose like a moon. Beside the pillows were the night table and the pink lamps, the pink-and-white telephone, the book in a tooled vellum cover that Serena had been reading.

"Serena! Spencer's better. They think he will live. Quentin wants to speak to you!"

Silence. The room's mistress lay as she might have lain in a moment of sleep. She was lying on her back, her beautiful hair loosened and falling in a cascade over her shoulder, one arm hanging relaxed over the edge of the bed. Vicky's heart suddenly rose into her throat, and she felt her knees weaken.

She dared not turn her back on this room. Instead she backed slowly away, heard the men emerging from Spencer's room; turned to show them an ashen face and to clutch at Quentin's arm.

"Oh, Quentin, she's only asleep, I guess, but don't go in there! Don't. She's lying on her bed—she didn't go to bed—I spoke to her and she didn't stir."

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Quentin asked, surprised, weary. "What did she say? Has she fainted?"

He went toward Serena's door. Vicky, with a little gasp of fright, followed along beside him. Again she looked at the rosy beauty of Serena's room: the pink lights on delicate pink silk, the litter of beautiful luxurious nothings with which Serena had surrounded herself; a rabbit-skin rug, silver frames and vases, tortoise-shell fitting mounted in gold for the desk at which Serena wrote only love notes.

"Wait a minute!" Quentin said sharply. He went to the bed, touched the figure lying there; gripped the unresponsive shoulder with a big hand and shook it. "Serena!" he said. And then, turning to Vicky and the other doctor: "Look here!"

"What is it?" Cudworth asked, advancing into the room.

"Dead!" Quentin said. "Oh, no, Quentin!" Vicky was clinging to his arm. "Oh, no! Who would do it, who would do it?"

"She's done it herself, eh?" Cudworth asked. He stooped and picked from the floor something that glittered brightly in the soft light. "Ye didn't care for that investigation, did ye, my lady?" the old man queried, staring down at the dead woman with a shrewd light in his eyes.

"Suicide!" Vicky whispered. "Yes; she did it herself," Quentin muttered. "Look there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Statue to Morgan Horse
The Morgan horse was developed in New England. In 1921 a statue of Justin Morgan, the progenitor of this race, was erected on the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm at Middlebury, Vt., on the 100th anniversary of his death, on this famous horse. This farm of 400 acres was given to the Department of Agriculture in 1907, to be used for developing the best Morgan blood.

For Discriminating People



NOW is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady; hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

At The Left.

A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions. You'll praise the cool cut of its short sleeves and softly rolled collar. Yes, Milady, you'll enjoy making it.

In The Center.

Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the perfect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette. Make it of sheer chiffon or more durable acetate. You'll have a hit in either.

At The Right.

The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommy's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day. A splendid idea is to cut this pat-

tern twice and be assured of little sister's all summer chic.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material plus ½ yard contrasting for collar.

Pattern 1322 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7½ yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4½ yards. To line the jacket requires 2¼ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards of 35 inch material plus 5½ yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

THIS is truly an ice cream age, for never was ice cream more easily obtained or better than it is now. Good ice cream can be bought, and it can be made at home—in a freezer or in the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator. As quick as a wink a package of ice cream powder can be turned into luscious dishes of many-flavored ice cream.

Here is a basic recipe for freezer ice cream—and with the addition of fresh fruits and berries or sauces, the recipe can be varied in many delicious ways.

Freezer Ice Cream.

1 quart milk
1 package ice cream powder (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)

Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved. Pour into freezer can; place in freezer and pack mixture of cracked ice and salt around can (use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt). Turn slowly for 3 minutes, then rapidly and continuously until frozen. Makes 1½ quarts ice cream.

Any of the following may be substituted for milk in this recipe: 1 quart rich milk or light cream, 1 cup cream and 3 cups milk, or 2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups milk or water.

*With chocolate ice cream powder, add ¾ cup sugar.

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WNU—12

29—37

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

The Campbell Press and Valley Echo
Published Every Thursday at Campbell, Calif., by
EDNA F. SMITH

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MIKE'S RICHES

Mike didn't get rich in his thirty years on the job. He didn't get rich with his convincing talents of ventriloquism, or through the impromptu entertainment he gave train passengers. He didn't get into the higher income brackets by playing contrabass with the University orchestra, and he didn't silver-line his pockets in teaching town kids the art of bull-fiddling. Mike didn't get rich at all—that is, in money.

But when Leonard "Mike" Gross retired last month as baggageman at the Southern Pacific station in Eugene, Orebon, he was accounted a millionaire in that rarer wealth which is measured loosely in terms of happiness and friendships. Both Eugene and his company acknowledged him as a respected and beloved citizen. He was wheeled through town on a baggage cart, delivered to a big banquet in his honor. The chamber of commerce, the University of Oregon, fraternal and veterans' groups showered gifts and honors upon him. Distinguished men throughout the country, many of whom Mike had caricatured in word and gesture to the amusement of his baggage stand audience, deluged him with telegrams. All hailed him Public Friend Number One.

No, Mike didn't get rich in money. But his friends may be found all over the world.

The world needs more men like Mike—not only on railroads, but in offices, factories, shops and homes. Not all of us can master Mike's trick of voice throwing, his talents for music and pantomime, but he has no option on kindness, generosity and good humor. Public Friend Number One puts it this way:

"There is only one way to happiness—be kind and honest in your dealing with folks. You can't draw beautiful pictures out of a fireside, if down in your heart, you know you're a heel."

PEARS ON THE TABLE

A freight car is rolling eastward from California this week, and the eastern housewife is going to hear about it.

This particular car is carrying the year's first shipment of golden Bartlett pears and it is another link in a chain of producer-distributor cooperation designed to help California's pear growers by creating a genuine demand for the fruit in out-of-state markets.

With many of California's crops the problem has long been that of educating the east in their delights. Obviously, what the buyer hasn't heard of, he won't ask for, so our farmers, utilizing the facilities of advertising, are actively engaged in that program of education.

With a \$75,000 fund raised among themselves, the pear growers are conducting an extensive newspaper advertising campaign to make the golden Bartlett a welcome addition to America's hot-weather diet. At the same time they will have the cooperation of the national association of food-chains, with its 37,000 retail outlets, each popularizing the use of the fruit.

Similar drives have already proved effective. A campaign on canned pears, conducted by the food chains in April and May, jumped eastern sales of that edible more than 200 per cent. Earlier in the year, concentration on the grapefruit and avocado crops achieved comparable results.

The development of eastern markets is one key to the door of our agricultural prosperity. We have the products, the east has the buying power, and here is the mechanism to bring the two together. The simple logic of that structure will mean dollars in the pockets of California's farmers.

SKYROCKETING PRICES

It may not be economic law, but it is an indisputable fact that in any period of inflation, prices go up first, wages last. At the present time our government is engaged in a praiseworthy attempt to raise our standard of living, but to many perplexed worker treading water in a sea of rising prices, it means only that the cost of living is going up.

Higher wages and farm prices have fattened the consumer's pocketbook to some extent, but in the meantime prices have forged upward, and today the consumer's dollar will not buy nearly as much as it would in 1933. Price indexes compiled by the National Industrial Conference board and the department of labor show that the family of modest means must pay 21 per cent more to subsist than it did four years ago. Rents are up 31 per cent, clothing 22 per cent, and, most alarming of all, food costs have risen 41 per cent.

We have had a bitter lesson in the dangers of inflation, too recent to be disregarded. We must exercise what legislative checks we can to prevent the over-extension of credit. But more important, we must guard against the crippling of the American system which must inevitably follow unnecessary taxation and useless regulation of the retailer. Under that system two factors which tend to keep our commodity prices low are the efficiency of large-scale production and the direct-to-consumer technique made possible by sighted legislation is an invitation to disaster.

Prosperity requires a favorable ratio between prices and wages, and unless we take care to keep the former from skyrocketing through the ceiling, it avails us little to raise the latter.

MEN WANTED!

A sight to gladden the eyes of all labor, the "Help Wanted" sign, will be hung up in the railroad industry soon.

The new railroad retirement act, to which President Roosevelt has just put his signature, will make room for 40,000 new employees the first year it is in effect. That figure is the estimate of labor leaders, based on the number of railroad workers who will be eligible for retirement and pensions under the terms of the act.

This year the railway employment is maintaining about the same rate of increase that put 93,000 men back to work in 1936, and the prospect of this continuing gain plus 40,000 new jobs through retirement vacancies makes the outlook for trainmen a bright one indeed. It is apparent that the railroads are achieving normally a position which certain "make-work" legislation now under consideration in congress would attempt to establish artificially. Such bills as the train-limit and 6-hour day measures, which could force bankruptcy on railroads and in the long run fewer jobs, no longer have even a semblance of purpose.

The new retirement act was evolved as the result of joint negotiations between representatives of the 21 standard railroad labor unions and railway managements and will affect approximately a million and a half workers.

Certainly these are good times we're enjoying. But prosperity will not have returned in full measure until the unemployed are again at work. That is why it's the best of good news to note a reappearance of the long-idle "Help-Wanted" sign.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

The barefoot boy of James Whitecomb Riley was a fine old American tradition but he's a rare bird in this day of movie palaces, organized play and swank summer resorts. Not that the latter don't have their rightful place in the modern scheme of things, but the American picture lost something pretty fine when that overalled youngster with the tousled hair-grimy feet and bamboo fishing pole over his shoulder went away.

We can't hope to bring him back, but those of us who were barefoot boys ourselves can recapture some of the thrill of those days and perhaps even impart some of it to this younger generation growing up without the exhilarating experience of early-morning grass on bare feet.

There are plenty of places in California within easy driving distance of our homes where we can "get bak to nature" as only the barefoot boy of yesteryear could do. Places where we can get off by ourselves without fancy clothes and expensive camping equipment. Places where we can relax peacefully with a pipe and fishing pole and recall those other carefree days. Places where our kids can romp barefooted and overalled through woods and meadows, as we once did, without fear of racing automobiles and blistered feet from hot city sidewalks.

Let's get back to nature this summer and recapture the joy of living of that barefoot boy we used to know.

THE NEW MIRACLE

Red makeup and blue lipstick will be part of milady's cosmetic equipment in the very near future, for television, engineers tell us, is almost ready for commercial use. However, girls preparing to put through television calls from the privacy of their own homes must take the time to make up almost as painstakingly as a movie actress, or their images won't reproduce perfectly at the other end.

In spite of such minor perplexities, the miracle of television, it has been conclusively demonstrated, is today a reality. The other day observers sat in one room of a San Francisco laboratory and watched the features of a girl in another part of the building reproduced on a miniature screen. They saw her lips move and heard her voice, as a series of images was unreeled before their eyes at the rate of 343 per minute.

There remains to be solved, of course, the problem of building and marketing of television receiving sets for use in the average home. Experts are divided on the question of whether present radio sets can be converted into television receptors. But many of them are of the opinion that such sets can be manufactured, even in limited quantities, for as little as \$400, a price which would bring television within the reach of most American families. Within a few brief tomorrows, a man's home will not only be his castle, but his living room will be his own theater, wired for sound.

THE HAPPY SIDE

There is red ink on the moon these days, and America's mighty voice upraised in chorus, is singing the blues.

We live a merry round-robin of debt, it is true; but our indebtedness has not plunged us into the sink of poverty shared by many other nations. Overt, prosperity, war, peace, liberty and restraint are but relative terms, and America is the invariable gainer through their relativity. Yet we sit here in sunny, prosperous and free California, and our public prints and radios bring us messages of destructive criticism from fault-finding scribes and orators. The standard targets of these chronic complainers are taxes, working conditions and those traditional whipping boys, state and national legislators.

Let's be more like the Californian who awakened his hearers recently with the declaration that he likes to pay his taxes—because he knows that nowhere else in the world would his tax money bring better value in schools, highways, police and fire protection.

Let's be more like the Californian who surprised even the legislators with his recent praise of our Sacramento lawmakers. Despite their mistakes, he said he "wouldn't trade one democratically elected representative for a whole boatload of dictators."

It makes all the difference in the world By Percy Crosby



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The FARMERS CORNER



by RALPH H. TAYLOR
Executive Secretary
Agricultural Council
of California

Cattle rustling and trespass—problems which early-day farmers met with the rope and blazing shotguns—came in for considerable legislative attention this year, with lawmakers favoring a general tightening up of the statutes designed to protect farm property, commodities and livestock.

Of seven measures which received the approval of the two legislative houses, however, only two—but two of the most important—received the signature of the Governor.

Signed by Governor Merriam were:

S. B. 473, an amendment strengthening the horse and sheep brand law, and S. B. 475, closing loopholes in the cattle hide and brand law.

Pocket-vetoed by the Governor were:

S. B. 471, authorizing hide and brand inspectors, in the course of their investigations, to cross state lines without permits.

S. B. 472, providing for secret registrations of automobiles of hide and brand inspectors and the use of under-cover plates.

A. B. 1094, tightening up the grand theft section of the penal code to crack down on fruit thieves.

S. B. 61, permitting the arrest and prosecution of sit-downers as vagrants, and A. B. 1635, amending Section 602 of the penal code to place a specific ban on the sit-down strike, defining it as illegal trespass.

The lawmakers, with the cooperation of farm organizations, also enacted a number of new standardization laws to protect California's reputation for quality products in world markets.

The great majority of the standardization bills were given executive approval.

Here are some of the most important standardization acts which won the vote of the legislature and the signature of the governor:

S. B. 439, requiring that old labels and inappropriate markings be removed from boxes and other containers before the containers may be re-used. This will end such sharp practice as packing inferior grade oranges in a second-hand Sunkist-labeled box. Senator Phillips was the author.

S. B. 904, writes present practices, now used in marketing agreements of the federal government, into the walnut standardization law.

A. B. 2058, closing loopholes in the law regulating sale of egg products; designed to protect the public from foreign and insanitary egg products.

A. B. 2385, revision of the Egg Standardization act to make enforcement procedure similar to that used in the Fruit and Vegetable Standardization act. Minor changes in standards also.

A. B. 861, redefining adulterated cream.

A. B. 862, raising standards for raw and pasteurized milk.

A. B. 1230, amending cheese standards.

A. B. 1267, new standards for special orange varieties, cantaloupes

Pedestrian Care Duty of Motorist

"Remember those who go afoot," was the theme of a statement addressed to motorists today by the Public Safety department of the California State Automobile association.

"There are two good reasons why thoughtful motorists respect the rights of pedestrians," the statement said. "First, good citizenship, courtesy, and the law demand it. These alone are reasons enough for anyone who wishes to be regarded as fair-minded and conscientious. Second, every motorist steps out of his car at times and becomes a pedestrian himself. Then the situation is reversed and the golden rule strikes home."

Right as well as duties of pedestrians are clearly set forth in the California Vehicle Code, in the pointed out. Sections of law on the subject were summarized as follows:

Pedestrians have the right-of-way over all automobiles in marked or unmarked crosswalks. (Sec. 560, California Vehicle Code.) An unmarked crosswalk is the prolongation of the sidewalk lines across the roadway. (Sec. 85.)

Pedestrians who choose to cross the street where there is no crosswalk must yield the right-of-way to all vehicles. (Sec. 562, a.) However, motorists are required by law to use due caution for the safety of "jaywalkers."

On the open highway pedestrians must walk on the left side of the roadway facing the oncoming traffic. (Sec. 564.)

"And for added safety," the statement concluded, "pedestrians out at night on the highways should carry a flashlight, lantern, or something white, either worn or carried, to command the attention of approaching motorists."

Driver's License Statutes Altered

Various changes in laws relating to drivers' licenses were enacted at the recent session of the state legislature and will become effective August 27 following the signing of the measures by Governor Merriam. A review of the principal changes was contained in a report today by the California State Automobile association as follows:

The present two-year renewal period for drivers' licenses is increased to four years. Provision is made for a new type of license which will probably be a photostatic copy of the application, reduced in size to that of the present license form. The temporary driver's license period is extended from 30 days to 60 days.

The same penalty of up to \$1,000 fine or a year in jail, or both, for operating a vehicle after a license has been suspended, is applied to a person who has been refused a license and continues to drive.

Probationary licenses for first offenders guilty of misdemeanor

and avocados.

A. B. 1410, providing that ornamental containers must not be false.

A. B. 2057, changing standards for various fruit and vegetable containers.

A measure of general interest to farmers throughout the state which was passed and signed was A. B. 1898, authorizing the establishment of county departments of agriculture.

A Meal a Man Can Make



By JOSEPHINE GIBSON
Director, Heinz Food Institute

EVERY NOW AND THEN there comes a day when the lady of the family just can't be home in time for dinner. Perhaps it's a club banquet, a prolonged bridge game or even a brief holiday. But anyway, it means the man of the house must hustle up some sort of dinner for himself. Now most men really enjoy putting about in the kitchen, especially when they're out of range of a curious feminine eye. Some may not admit it, but nearly every man has a long lingering notion that he could prepare a Lucullian feast given the opportunity. These summer days will be a fine time to let him try his skill. Plan a few menus with him, give him some equipment tips, and then let him have a grand time preparing a meal or two of his own. With this menu as a starter he will be able to produce a veritable feast for himself and his friends:

Jellied Consommé Crisp Crackers
Smothered Hamburg Patties* Buttered New Potatoes
Corn-on-the-Cob Cabbage and Cucumber Pickle Salad*
Peanut Butter Fudge Sundae*
Coffee

(*) Indicates recipes given below

Smothered Hamburg Patties—Combine 1 tablespoon melted butter with 1 cup soft bread crumbs, then mix with 1½ lbs. round steak, ground, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon black pepper. Form into 8 flat cakes. Surround each with a narrow slice of lean bacon securing with a short toothpick. Dip patties in flour. Fry until brown on both sides in a small amount of fat. Add 1 small can Onion Soup, cover tightly and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Pour off excess fat and thicken gravy if necessary.

Cabbage and Cucumber Pickle Salad—Combine 3 cups shredded cabbage, 1 green pepper, shredded, 10 slices Fresh Cucumber Pickle, chopped, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 4 tablespoons Mayonnaise. Serve in cups of crisp lettuce and garnish with Mayonnaise and carrot flowers. To make carrot flowers, scrape, then slice 1 medium carrot very thinly crosswise. Cut slices in toward center to form large petals. Place in ice water so petals will curl.

Peanut Butter Fudge Sundae—Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and ½ teaspoon Pure Cider Vinegar for sugar syrup, and boil about 3 minutes or until a syrup, the consistency of maple syrup, is formed. Syrup may be used hot if a hot fudge sundae is desired. Combine desired amount of syrup with one-half as much Peanut Butter, blending thoroughly. Serve over vanilla ice cream and top with whipped cream and Maraschino cherries.

drunk driving are provided. The probationary license is not available to those convicted of felony drunk driving, where accident and injury has occurred. The term of the probationary license is one year, with restoration of regular license dependent upon the driver's record.

Minors 18 years of age or over who have been married are relieved of the necessity of securing signatures of parents in order to obtain a driver's license. Issuance of a license to a married minor under 18 years old is permitted upon signature of parent or adult spouse. Parents are authorized to give

The "Bull's Eye"
The center of a target is called "bull's eye" because in the days of the real archers the targets on which they practiced were made from the hides of bulls. The mark in the center of the target at which the archers aimed was painted black. This having the appearance of an eye it naturally became known as the bull's eye.

MUST GO IN PAIRS
According to the best canons of Chinese art everything must always be in pairs

written permission for a minor's license and avoid personal liability if the minor gives proof of ability to respond to damage claims.

RETURNS TO PASADENA

Miss Grace Johnson left Tuesday for her home in Pasadena after spending a week with the Dr. Frank Anderson family.

The Basilian Islands
The Basilian islands are a group of about 60 in the Philippines.

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When you gamble on tires you put yourself, your family and your friends "on the spot." Because what chance have you if suddenly—BANG! a blow-out snatches the car out of your control and takes you for a wild ride?

Play safe. Let us equip your car with a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. In no other way can you get the remarkable protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the layer of special rubber and full-floating cords scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds. And don't forget, Silvertowns actually cost less than other super-quality tires, so you pay nothing extra for Golden Ply blow-out protection—it's FREE!

BUY NOW... PAY LATER

You can equip your car with these first-quality, guaranteed products and pay on your own terms. No red tape, no embarrassment or delays. Just ask for the Budget Dept.

EASY TERMS

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THE NEW Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
WITH GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

JONES Service STATION

OPPOSITE SCHOOLS Phone Campbell 111

FIELD'S STORE

THURS., FRI., & SAT. SPECIALS

Scot Tissue, 3 lg. rolls	22c
Waldorf Tissue, 3 rolls	13c
Tree tea, O.P. and Pekoe, ½-lb. 35c; green 27c	
Kool-Aid, asst. flavors, 1¼-oz.	5c
Shredded Wheat, 2 for	25c
PAR Granulated Soap, large	31c
Snowdrift, 3-lbs.	63c
Westlake Salad Dressing, 16-oz.	23c
Wheaties, 2 pkgs.	22c
Softasilk Cake Flour, pkg.	25c
Westlake Peaches, No. 2½ cans, 2 for	33c
Woodbury's Soap, 3 for	25c
Briardale Sweet Potatoes, 2½'s	15c
Briardale Tuna, ½'s 22c; ¼'s	15c
Westlake Corn, No. 2's, 2 for	29c
Westlake Lima Beans, No. 2's, 2 for	23c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127 SERVICE and DEPENDABILITY

Cattle Kingdom

A NEW WESTERN SERIAL
BY Alan Le May

When the annals of Ranch 94 are finally written, the name of John "Red Horse" Dunn will appear in bold face type. He was its protector during adversity, its general-at-war when the enemy appeared. Yet "Red Horse" surprised both friends and foe with a remarkable character that remained mysterious—almost to the end.

The saga of "Red Horse," of Billy Wheeler and Marian Dunn is an epochal chapter from the history of the West. "Cattle Kingdom" is a great range story by today's greatest Western author—Alan Le May.

You'll enjoy it!

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is snuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning — with modern improvements — to prairie schooner days when restless Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her beak, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather-beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pags Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four (or thereabouts), is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major Generals.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

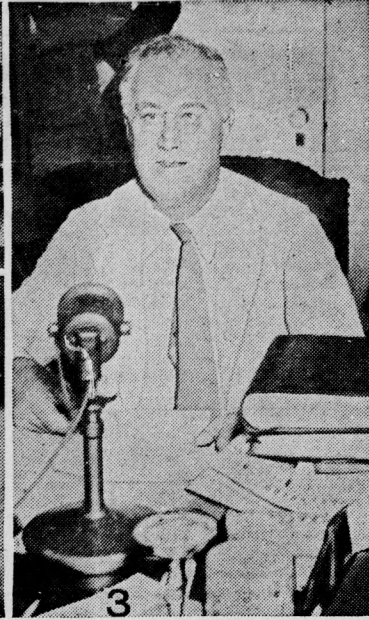
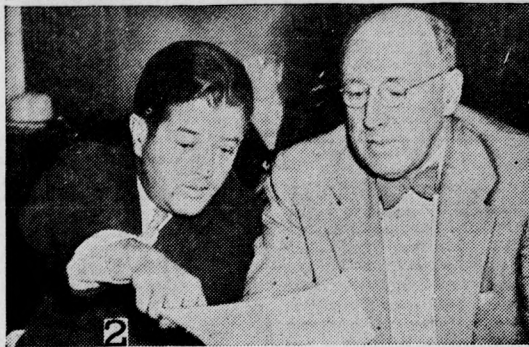
May be it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword? Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

Maybe, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—With a Russo-Jap dispute over the Amur river, crack battalions of the Red army have been held in readiness for possible trouble. 2—Senators Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., left, and Elbert Thomas of the senate civil liberties committee are shown studying photographs of the Memorial day riot at the Republic steel plant in South Chicago in which ten pickets were shot down. 3—President Roosevelt in a recent radio salute to Canada exchanged greetings with Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir.

Windsor's Parson on Lecture Tour



Rev. and Mrs. Robert Anderson Jardine, who sprang into the international spotlight when he defied the Church of England's highest dignitaries to perform the wedding ceremony for the Duke of Windsor and the former Wallis Warfield, shown as he arrived in New York recently for a lecture tour of the United States, to aid charities.

EDUCATOR RETIRES



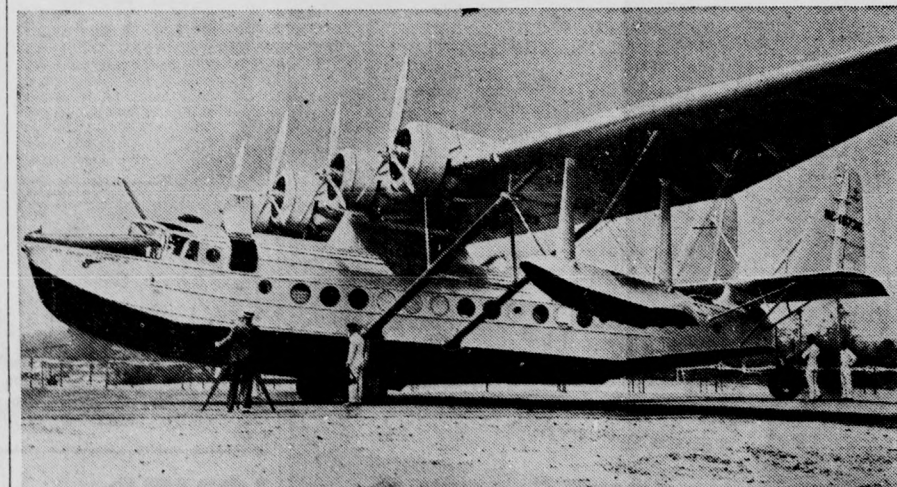
Dr. William Low Bryan, who recently retired as president of Indiana university. Dr. Bryan, who spent 53 years on the faculty of the university, was its president for 35 years, holding the record for the longest service among presidents of state universities. The seventy-seven-year-old educator is a firm believer in the average student—the one who is neither too brilliant nor too dull.

Scientist Puts Old Sol to Work



Dr. Charles Greeley Abbott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution and director of the American Astrophysical observatory at Washington, D. C., is shown setting up his solar boiler at the Great Lakes exposition at Cleveland. The device, hailed as science's first successful effort to translate solar energy into usable power, would yield a total of 70,000 horsepower on cloudless days, according to Dr. Abbott.

Clipper Ship Blazes Atlantic Air Trail



Broadside view of the giant four-motored Pan-American clipper ship in which Capt. Harold E. Gray and his crew of seven completed in 12 hours and 29 minutes the west to east survey flight of the projected British-American trans-Atlantic passenger and mail route, landing at Foynes, Ireland. At practically the same moment, the British Imperial Airways flying boat landed at Botwood, Newfoundland, on the east to west leg of the trip, proving the feasibility of trans-Atlantic commercial airways.

FARM TOPICS

CITES RULES FOR TRUCK OPERATION

Full Loads, Backhauls, Important Points.

By R. C. Ashby, Associate Chief in Live Stock Marketing, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

Full loads, steady use, high percentage of backhauls and careful handling are four essentials in successful operation of motor trucks.

These facts are pointed out in a study which the department of agricultural economics, University of Illinois, college of agriculture, has completed in co-operation with 15 truck operators who kept records of their activities in hauling farm products over a one-year period.

Three general laws of business are demonstrated by the data obtained, even in the small number of trucks on which records were kept. In the first place, costs decrease with the volume of output, in this case miles covered. Second, lower costs tend to result in lower prices or charges for hauling, and, third, total earnings increase as volume increases.

The greater the number of miles driven, the less the operating cost a mile and hour because the fixed costs are distributed over more units. Cost of operation a mile for trucks with 25,000 miles or more of use was 38 per cent lower than for the group with 15,000 miles or less.

Return loads mean more profits. Trucks which brought back a high percentage of return loads consistently were among the group having the lowest operating costs. Although there was not much correlation between costs a mile and average weight hauled, it was found that a fully loaded truck reduces the ton-mile costs considerably. In the cost of hauling live stock, the mileage required to pick up a full load is an important item.

For the 15 trucks the average cost including operating labor was 7.2 cents a mile. Omitting operating labor, driver and helper, the average cost was 4.78 cents a mile. The trucks averaged 9.1 miles a gallon of gasoline, 519.6 miles a gallon of oil, 27.3 ton-miles a gallon of gasoline and 15.2 miles an hour of operation.

Rations Protect Birds' Health, Expert Explains

In spite of high feed prices and low returns for eggs, experienced poultrymen are using well-balanced rations instead of cheaper feeds that lack essential nutrients, says Dr. H. S. Wilgus, Jr., poultryman for Colorado State College Experiment station.

These poultrymen have learned that many of the cheaper rations do not provide necessary vitamins and proteins which protect the health of the birds and of the chicks and poults.

Poults require a higher percentage of protein, vitamins and minerals than chicks. The needs of chicks or poults for these nourishing elements in certain feeds are highest during the first week of life, and gradually decline until the birds approach sexual maturity.

More of certain vitamins are needed in breeder rations than in laying rations in order to insure high hatchability and vigorous chicks or poults. It therefore is more economical and desirable to use rations adapted to these specific purposes.

Calf Feeding

Creep-fed calves started on grain before they go on grass will continue to go into the "creep" to eat, even though they run with the cows in the pasture, according to the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Equal parts by measure of shelled corn and whole oats make a good feed for calves. About 20 bushels of grain and 200 pounds of hay may be eaten by a calf up to weaning time in the fall, when they are usually sold at weights of about 700 pounds at nine or ten months of age.

Young Turkey Ration

The Missouri College of Agriculture reports good results from this economical ration for growing poults: For the first 8 to 10 weeks, supply a mixture of 210 pounds of yellow corn meal, 75 pounds of bran, 50 pounds shorts, 25 pounds alfalfa leaf meal, 50 pounds meat scrap, 50 pounds soy bean meal, 25 pounds dried milk, 5 pounds salt and 10 pounds cod liver oil. This ration is kept before them all the time, with water and granite grit.

Oats for Hay

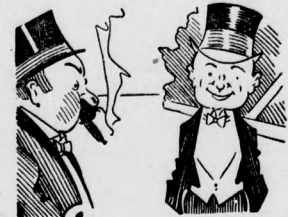
In cases where oats are to be used for hay this season, the Missouri experiment station recommends cutting with a grain binder rather than a mower. Oats cut with a mower lose color under the sun's rays and considerable trash may be raked up with them. If a binder is used, adjust the mechanism so that loose bundles are made. When shocking, set up not more than three bundles in a place. Small shocks make for rapid curing.

JUST SLIPS ALONG



"Ever notice what a light step that cop has?"
"Oh, yes, he wears cork-soled shoes."

FREE DELIVERY



"That pretty singer out front must use a good many stamps writing to her admirers."
"Oh, no, her voice carries her notes!"

AND EMPTIED OUT



Optimist—There is always room at the top.
Pessimist—Yes, and it would be just my luck to find, after I got there, that the blamed thing had been turned upside down.

GET A HAMMER



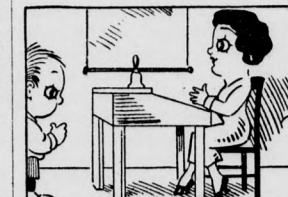
Dealer—That statue is really worth \$100, but there being a little chip off here, I will sell it to you for \$80.
Customer—Can't you break off another little chip and let me have it for \$60.

ON THE GREEN



"What sort of golf does Jones play?"
"Reliable. If he's your partner you can always depend on him to leave the burden of winning to you."

NEEDS THE PROOF



Teacher—Do you know that George Washington never told a lie?
Bright Pupil—No, ma'am; I only hear it.

HIS BASS SOLO



"What was the feature of the concert last night?"
"Jimmy Bass sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

JUST A HABIT



"Has your cook been with you long?"
"With us! She's been against us almost from the start."

STRIKES DON'T BOTHER THE SOUTH

Not As Much As the North and East, at Any Rate—Dixie Begins to Enjoy Results of Campaign to Attract Industries.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

SPECTACULAR strikes of recent months in the North and East, with their accompanying publicity, have largely obscured from the public consciousness the industrial awakening that is taking place in the South. Yet southern industrial leaders feel that labor troubles outside Dixie will soon be reflected in increased southern migrations as industry spreads out to avoid the difficulties rooted in over-concentration.

Fortunately for the South, which in the last 18 months has pressed a determined campaign to attract new manufacturing plants, its comparatively quiet labor conditions have stood out in serene contrast to the hectic scenes which have filled the northern stage.

Department of Labor reports show that the number of workers involved in strikes steadily increased in both the North and South during the last six months of 1936, the latest period for which official records are available. But the totals are heavily against the North, which suffered 894 strikes, involving 372,495 workers, as compared with 105 strikes, involving 29,134 workers in Dixie. The North had its greatest number of strikes in August and September, with 187 in each month, but 163 strikes in October involved the most workers—95,172. The South had 24 strikes in August, keeping 4,563 from employment, but 11,596 were kept out by 16 strikes in October.

South Is Non-Union.

During the six-month period 40 to 60 per cent of all new strikes occurred in four states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and California—with Illinois and Michigan accounting for a sizable portion of the remainder. During the same six months only two important strikes took place in the South—one in the Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies plants at Atlanta, and one in the plant of the Celanese Corporation of America at Cumberland, Md. Both were settled amicably.

Scarcity of strikes of either "sit-down" or "walkout" variety in the South is easily explained. The South is relatively non-union. With industry less concentrated than in eastern or middle western regions, it is less susceptible to strike epidemics. Some industrialists deem it probable that public opinion will have outlawed the "sit-down" before the South can be effectively unionized; if "sit-downs" should appear, state



Contented workers, these! They are enjoying themselves in a recreation hall built by a large paper manufacturer with plants in several southern cities.

centralized industry, would be much more difficult to carry out.

Southern states are now making it easier than ever before for industries to migrate to points within their borders. The first year of Dixie's industrial promotion drive—1936—brought \$22,000,000 in new plants and equipment, the greatest one-year development in history. Leading the pack were paper companies with investments totaling \$60,000,000 in new plants; petroleum refining, with \$50,000,000 in new distributing plants and pipelines, and iron and steel manufacturers with a \$53,000,000 expansion program. During the first quarter of 1937 the pace was maintained, with \$92,964,000 in industrial and engineering construction contracts awarded.

Prominent among the reasons for this sudden metamorphosis of a civilization that seemed destined to remain permanently agricultural, has been the extension of hydro-electric power to the most remote regions, resulting in an abundance of cheap energy in places which had been without it owing to lack of coal for generating or lack of distribution lines from hydro-electric plants. In addition, the South provided a ready market, lower construction and maintenance costs, and plentiful raw materials. Of it, Arthur D. Little, the noted industrial engineer, said, "Nowhere is there likely to be a greater extension of industrial activity."

Now the South has "gone out after the business." States have conducted

heavy industrial taxes, had prevented much industrial growth in the last decade. But when the new governor, Richard W. Leche, was elected he outlined a plan to revive the state industry.

The plan, which was adopted, repealed the objectionable license tax on manufacturing establishments; effected a more equitable tax on oil refining; encouraged establishment of a livestock industry by removing the tax on cattle, sheep and hogs; created a board of commerce and industry to court industry; appropriated \$100,000 for promotion, and proposed a constitutional amendment giving the governor permission to grant tax exemptions for ten years to new plants and additions to existing plants.

Effects were not long in coming to notice. Building permits soared; so did department store sales, electric power consumption, manufacturing sales, post office receipts, wholesale grocery sales and other indices. Problems of state finance and legislative problems kept Governor Leche from starting his industrial program with the full gusto he would have liked, but his own personal efforts brought into the state 15 new industries ranging in value from \$100,000 to \$3,000,000, employing 3,000 in their construction and giving permanent employment to nearly 8,000.

Mississippi Follows Lead.

Florida is wooing industry with a tax exemption law and is granting municipalities permission to erect buildings for manufacturers. Cities are vying with each other to attract new factories, although insisting that they must be engaged in light manufacturing, such as garments, small housewares, etc.—no plant which emits objectionable fumes need apply.

Agricultural Mississippi, eager to replace the lumber mills that have left "ghost towns" along the railroads, has adopted a plan to "balance agriculture with industry," which was sponsored by Gov. Hugh White. In addition to tax exemption for five years, it offers free factories and free factory sites which, if the manufacturer maintains a specified payroll for a stated period of years, become his property in most cases. The factories are built by the municipalities in which they are situated, the cities issuing bonds to cover the cost.

Other states are proceeding along the same lines. Alabama offers ten years of freedom from taxes. Maryland's counties may grant permanent tax exemption on manufacturing machinery. Arkansas, with a population 70 per cent rural, has thrown its working cap in the industrial ring with a large fund to advertise the state's natural resources and manufacturing advantages. North Carolina has just appropriated \$250,000 to herald its attraction as a field for industrial expansion. Texas is now considering an appropriation of \$1,000,000 a year for the next five years to advertise the state's resources.

Southern Markets Grow.

To date efforts have been concentrated upon attracting industries which could process the raw materials of the various regions. Louisiana, with its thousands of acres of rolling pine land, now leads the South in the securing of paper and pulp factories—largely a new southern activity. The textile industry has moved almost en masse to the Carolinas; the South now produces 52 per cent of the nation's textiles, while New England, for more than a century the seat of this industry, now produces only 38 per cent.

As industrial payrolls provide a constant stream of wealth for southern workers, the markets below the Mason and Dixon line are constantly gaining in importance.

Advised opinion of many industrialists and economists is that the North and East, as well as the South, will benefit from the greater prosperity of Dixie, with each section of the country supplying the products it can best produce.

© Western Newspaper Union.

'Way Back When

By JEANNE

ARTIST WAS A LAWYER'S APPRENTICE

HENRI MATISSE, one of the greatest of modern French artists, whose works now sell for hundreds of thousands of francs, might have been a commonplace lawyer had not Fate stepped in when she did. He was born in a small town in Picardy in 1869, son of a wheat dealer. His childhood was uneventful and he became a lawyer's apprentice. Then, Fate came along with an attack of appendicitis which left him an invalid for many months. In order to keep occupied while convalescing, he took up painting; and it proved so fascinating that he never opened another law book.

Matisse's first paintings, in the early 1900s, brought but a few



francs. He and the group with which he associated himself, all famous now, were called "the wild beasts" because of their mad style. Their paintings outraged conservatives of the art world. Matisse was accused of willful eccentricity, senseless disregard of nature, and a deliberate intent to advertise himself. His paintings were refused exhibition space in many galleries, but slowly he built recognition for his work. In 1927, his "Fruits and Flowers" won first prize in the Carnegie International exhibition. In 1928, the Luxembourg galleries bid 300,000 francs for his picture, "Sideboard," but the man who once could hardly buy enough bread with the few francs his work brought could now afford to donate the picture to them, accepting only one franc in order to make the transaction legal.

SINGER WAS A BISCUIT PACKER

USUALLY we are inclined to give too much credit to chance or luck in analyzing the success of prominent people, forgetting that without the talent to take advantage of an unexpected opportunity they could not have risen. Helen Morgan's sudden rise to fame is an example.

Born in Danville, Illinois, her father died when she was very young, leaving Helen Morgan and her mother practically penniless. When she was five years old, paint thrown by another child partially blinded her, and she had to spend a full year in a dark room. She sang to herself to pass the long dark hours and later she sang in a church choir in Chicago. There, she worked as a manicurist, a waitress, a comptometer operator, and a model. She was a ribbon clerk at Marshall Field's department store and a biscuit



cuit packer for the National Biscuit company. None of her jobs lasted long, for her eyes were always on the stage. She sang occasionally in cabarets and finally got a job through Ziegfeld in the chorus of "Sally." Dissatisfied, she quit, and Billy Rose hired her to sing in his Backstage club.

That was Helen Morgan's lucky chance. The Backstage club was so small that she was forced to sit on the piano! Most of us would consider it a disadvantage, and perhaps she did, too. But the public was interested; she became a sensation, and speedily rose to fame. Musical comedies and motion pictures starred her, and soon she was singing in a night club named for her, at a salary of \$1,500 per week. Today she is known the world over.

Perhaps, if Helen Morgan had not had to sit on the piano in the Backstage club, she would never have risen to stardom. Perhaps, she would have sung comparatively unknown for a couple of years, and gone back to manicuring or biscuit packing. But, remember, she had something worth delivering when she sat on that piano.

© WNU Service

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Meat Pinwheels.—Biscuit dough, left-over meat chopped with onion, carrot and parsley. Spiced tomato gravy. Make your favorite biscuit dough and roll out fairly thick. Spread the meat mixture over the surface, leaving an inch margin of dough uncovered. Then roll up dough and meat together, and slice off pinwheels. Grease a shallow pan and lay in the pinwheels. Bake in moderately hot oven until done, about 30 minutes.

Turnips Au Gratin.—For this tasty dish half-cook turnips in boiling salted water, then cut into fairly thin slices and drain well. Arrange in layers in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover each layer of turnip with grated cheese,

a seasoning of pepper, and some little dabs of butter. The last layers should consist of breadcrumbs sprinkled with grated cheese and dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced. Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

Cooking Cabbage.—Cabbage should be cooked only until tender when tested with a fork. Too much cooking results in changed color and an indigestible product.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

Storing Brown Sugar.—Brown sugar will not become lumpy if stored in an airtight jar.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather.

WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Qui timide rogat, docet negare. (L.) He who asks timidly, teaches denial.

Mihi cura futuri. (L.) My anxiety is for the future.

Hora e semper. (It.) It is always time.

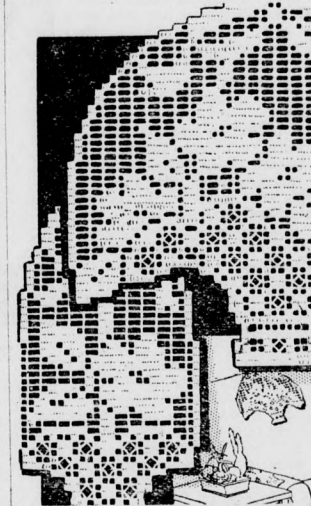
Vox, et praeterea nihil. (L.) A voice, and nothing more; that is, sound without sense.

Les affaires font les hommes. (F.) Business makes men.

J'ignore l'art de flatter. (F.) I am unacquainted with the art of flattery.

Arto rilievo. (It.) High relief; sculpture in which figures stand out from plain surface.

Tuum est. (L.) It is your own.



charts and directions for making the set shown; material requirements, an illustration of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

WHY IS A PE-KO JAR RING LIKE A WEDDING RING?

BECAUSE IT'S THE SEAL OF A PERFECT UNION.

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c and your dealer's name for a Trial Package of 48 genuine age-resistant, live rubber Pe-Ko rings; sent prepaid.

United States Rubber Company

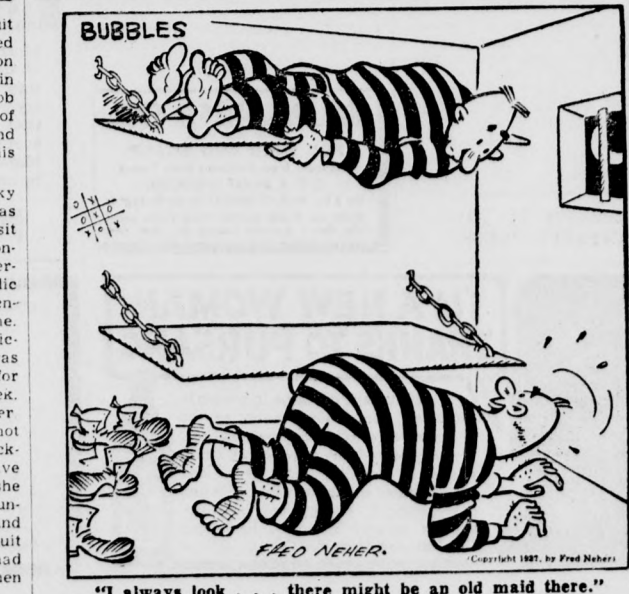
United States Rubber Products, Inc., Room 610, 1790 Broadway, New York

You Stand Alone
As you start upward in your career you get slaps on the back; at the top, you get none.

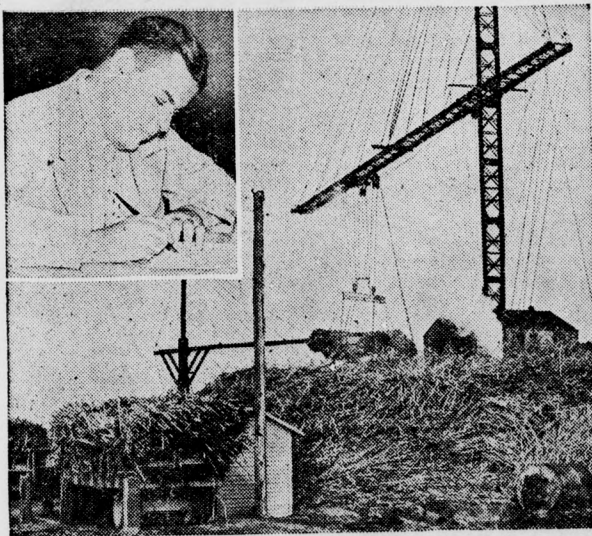
Squeezed From Her
Many a girl on receiving a proposal is hard pressed for an answer.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



© Copyright 1937, by Fred Neher.



Louisiana is offering manufacturers a new field of industry with recent chemical discoveries of the possibilities of converting sugar cane tops into industrial alcohol. Inset: Gov. Richard W. Leche signing contract to give a container manufacturer ten years tax exemption on addition to plant, to cost \$400,000.

and local governments should profit by the experience of their eastern and middle western neighbors in handling them.

Wages and employment in the South have increased more rapidly than in other sections, while hours have not increased as much, and this undoubtedly has some bearing on the absence of strikes. The wage differential between the South and other sections was approximately 33.5 per cent in 1933; by December, 1936, it had narrowed down to 21.9 per cent. Since the southern worker, according to economists, can maintain the same standard of living as his northern counterpart at 20 per cent less cost, the South may now claim virtual parity as far as real wages are concerned.

Dixie Woos Industry.

It is not hard to see why industry is attracted by the opportunity the South affords for decentralization. For instance, Detroit and Akron could be paralyzed in their production of automobiles and rubber if a single plant gets into difficulties with a vertical union; it would then be within the power of union leaders to call out workers in all plants in a "sympathy" strike. Sympathy strikes, while still possible under de-

ed active publicity and "selling" campaigns, making generous offers. These included exemption from taxation for new industries and outright subsidies in the form of free factory sites, free buildings and state-trained labor.

Leche Revives Louisiana.

Louisiana was one of those which took the lead, capitalizing on underdeveloped natural resources and on new, man-made ones. It stressed the fact that "nowhere in the world is there a greater opportunity for the development of a chemical industry than Louisiana, where salt, sulphur and gas occur in close proximity." It advertised and "sold" its 4,700 miles of inland waterways, its 1,000-mile highway system, its 10 trunk-line railroads, its large percentage of native American white population. It aggressively promoted its mineral and timber wealths and its great basic crops of rice, cotton and sugar, supplemented by sweet potatoes, strawberries, soybeans and truck vegetables. Its port of New Orleans was touted as the second largest in the United States, with unrivaled facilities for industrial shipping.

Political interference with industry in the recent past, coupled with

MASONIC NOTICE
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated Meetings held on the first Monday of each month. M. Lloyd Morgan, W. M. T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Paul Jones, N. G.
W. G. Smily, Secretary

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE
No. 1600

On Monday, the 16th day of August, 1937 at 2:00 o'clock P. M. at the front door of the County Court House in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, **SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO.**, a corporation, Trustee will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in lawful money of the United States, the following described real property, situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the Western line of First Street, distant thereon Northerly Four Hundred Thirty-seven (437) feet from the intersection of said line of First Street with the Northerly line of Campbell Avenue; thence continuing Northerly along said line of First Street, Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Forty-nine and 50/100 (149.50) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Forty-nine and 50/100 (149.50) feet to the place of beginning, and being a portion of Section 26, Township 7 South Range 1 West, M.D.B. & M. and a portion of the Fifteen (15) foot strip as shown and delineated upon Map entitled "Map No. 1 of the Rodeck Subdivision in the Town of Campbell, and being a portion of the Southwest 1-4 of Section 26 Township 7 South Range 1 West" and which said Map was filed on May 6, 1912 in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, State of California, in Vol. "O" of Maps, page 19, records of said County.

Said sale will be made to satisfy the obligations secured by and pursuant to the power of sale conferred in a certain Deed of Trust executed by A. J. Cramphorn, a single man as Trustor to Daisy V. Watson, as Trustee, for the benefit and security of Gilman M. Watson dated January 21, 1931 and recorded January 23, 1931 in Volume 553 of Official Records, page 230, Santa Clara County Records. San Jose Abstract & Title Insurance Co., a corporation, has been duly substituted as Trustee under the above Deed of Trust.

Notice of breach of said obligations and election to sell said real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said County on April 20, 1937 in Volume 816 of Official Records, page 529. This notice is given in compliance with the written application heretofore made on the trustee by said beneficiary.

Dated: July 20, 1937
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO.

As Trustee.
By L. P. Edwards
(Corporate Seal) Its President.

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By RING LARDNER



ED JOHNSON OF MEDFORD RELIEVED OF SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

"I Heartily Recommend S.L.K. for Giving Me Relief From Constipation and Sluggish Kidneys"

Mr. Ed Johnson, Riverside Apartments, Medford, Ore., says: "I cannot recommend Williams S. L.K. Formula too highly for the good it has done me."

Read Mr. Johnson's letter. This letter is similar to many thousands we received, stating unusual cases of relief. Mr. Johnson has not received a cent for this letter. He gave us permission to publish it so others may read it and they may have the opportunity to secure Williams S.L.K. Here is Mr. Johnson's letter:

"I was bothered the past four or five years with constipation. My kidneys became sluggish—I had to get up many times during the night with my kidneys. I had to wear a belt for my back. It was unpleasant to always use a belt especially when I had to go out at night to parties. I heard about Williams S.L.K. thru a friend. I tried it—and to show my appreciation for what it has done for me I have offered this letter to be published so others who have suffered as I will read this letter. I praise this preparation to all my friends because I am sold on it without a question. If you are in doubt in regard to this statement, write to Mr. Johnson. He will tell you what S.L.K. did for him in his own personal letter."

No Secrets to S.L.K.
There are no secrets to Williams S. L. K. Formula. It is merely a doctor's prescription. The ingredients in this prescription are plainly printed on the label. S.L.K. acts at once to relieve



MR. ED JOHNSON

suffering and pain in stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels by removing poisonous accumulations.

If you are suffering from sour acid stomach, bowels clogged with poisonous impurities, painful gas, loss of appetite, awful biliousness, sick headaches, sleeplessness from frequent night rising due to sluggish kidneys—you owe it to yourself to try this New Doctor's prescription.

Secure a bottle today at Shadle's Drug store.

BORN, A DAUGHTER

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley DeSelle are receiving congratulations on the birth of a seven and one-half pound daughter, Wednesday morning at San Jose hospital. Mrs. DeSelle was the former Anna Prout, and the little newcomer, who has been named Joann, missed by one day being a second wedding anniversary gift.

TO OMAHA

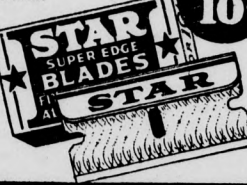
Miss Mildred Horn left Thursday evening from Oakland for Omaha, Neb., where she will meet her fiancé to be married. Miss Horn is Mabel Horn's sister and niece of Mrs. Worthin Grattan, whom she has been visiting for the past three weeks. She was accompanied to San Francisco and across the Bay bridge by Mrs. Frank Anderson and her sister.

WRECKING FINISHED

The wrecking crew which has been taking down the buildings on the corner of Campbell and Central avenues has completed the job. Materials are fast being removed to make way for the crew which will begin erection of a large Union Oil company service station that will supercede the old familiar building.

MISSING!

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BY ALAN LE MAY

Who killed Lon Magoon? Who was the hard-riding, mysterious assailant who terrorized the range with two other brutal slayings? Follow the forces of justice as the West seeks its revenge... thrill to a love story that you'll remember for years, the tale of a man and a woman who found themselves enmeshed in a web of murder. "Cattle Kingdom" is a different adventure story—a unique drama that you'll enjoy.

START READING IT TODAY!

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A pair of rats will multiply to 700 in one year, counting grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Rats will gnaw through cement to get something they want and can climb pipes and cords.

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Pen Repairs — Smith's Stationery

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